

INTRODUCTION

Many young people go every year to some type of Bible school, and most of them look forward to going into full time gospel work. One out of four will reach this goal. I hope this experience that I have had will lead some into realizing that happiness can be obtained by being a slave to God, rather than by being a success in what one has achieved, or in being seen by others. The greatest pleasure I have had in life is doing things for others that no one else thinks to do.

Several years ago a church janitor quit while the pastor was on vacation. The church had four restrooms which needed cleaning. I went to the store and bought cleaning supplies. When the pastor came back from his vacation he did not know who had cleaned them, and I told no one. Over three out of four people for whom I have prayed have been healed. This is between them and myself. A servant never takes the glory from his master. Some folks try to kiss my hand, and I always let them know that I am just a slave. At any moment, I could be reduced to dust.

Do not wait for someone to tell you what you should do. Go to God and don't ask for wages. I have been a pastor of three Assembly of God churches. The last two did were not licensed by the Assembly of God church. The Presbyterians treated me well, and even paid my electric bill while I was in Port Aransas. If God wants you to be somewhere, He will make a way.

Most of the churches that I have started, I have had to work and preach, because as soon as I have a congregation ready for a full time pastor, I leave. I am an apostle, not a pastor.

I was born January 31, 1920 at 1102 E. Haskell Street, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. My father refused to admit that I was his child until he saw me. After seeing me, he realized that I looked like him. The doctor had been called, but because it was raining and the streets in Tulsa were not paved, the doctor's car got stuck. Consequently, he was not able to arrive in time to bring me into this world. His name was Dr. P. G. Murry, a great man of faith, and the only man who had the gift of healing anywhere at that time. I was brought into this world by a midwife, a woman who was trained in delivering a child in an emergency.

At two years of age, my next oldest brother and I had black measles. He died, and when my mother was getting ready to go to the funeral, Dr. Murry told her that when she returned I would be dead. A woman named Julia Williams stayed home to take care of me. As I began to cough, she began to pray and the Lord told her to pick me up by the heels and to shake me. When she did, a ball of phlegm fell from my throat and I began to breathe normally. When my mother returned from the funeral, I was sitting up in bed playing.

When I was five years old, I asked my mother if I could go across the street to play. As she stood on the porch, she saw a large Oklahoma Natural Gas truck loaded with gas meters hit my little body. The ambulance took me to the hospital and there, to my mother's surprise, the doctors refused to operate. They claimed that my brain was injured, and if I lived, I would be a vegetable. I had a large hole in my head, and they would not even close the wound. Julia Williams talked my mother into taking me home. My mother picked me up off the operating table and ran with me to the door of the hospital. When she got to the door, a man made her sign a release. She took me home and laid me on the divan. She called Dr. P. G. Murry who came to the house, and stitched the wound with needle and thread. After closing the wound he put his hands under my arms, helped me up, and prayed for me. After praying, he said, "James, say praise the Lord." He said it the second time, and I was still limp as a dishrag. When he said it the third time, my eyes opened and I said in a whisper, "Praise the Lord."

Three days later, I was up playing with my little iron cars. I was held out of school the first year and was a slow learner until I was in the third grade. By the time that I was in the fifth grade, I was going from the elementary school to the junior high to play the violin in the Junior High School Orchestra.

My father was a tank builder. He set up oil storage tanks in the oil fields, and was gone from home most of the time. My father talked my mother into moving to Borger, Texas. We moved to Borger where my father rented a large house and had my mother cook one meal a day for the family, and for the men that worked with him. Even today I do not know how my mother was able to wash, iron, clean the house and cook for three children and five men.

My father would come home after drinking with his friends and would expect my mother to have money left from her grocery bill to pay part of the rent on the house.

My father would spank my older brother and sometimes beat him, but, for some reason, he never spanked me. He never spanked my younger brother either.

At ten o'clock at night, one payday, my father still had not come home from work. My mother told my older brother to go to his boss to ask where he could be found. My brother asked mother if I could go with him. We went to the boss of the project and he told us that we would find my father inside a tank, and he pointed out the tank that my father was in. We got to the tank and when we went inside, we saw four men sitting around a table, gambling with cards. When he saw me with my brother he was very gentle and gave my brother some money to take to my mother. When my brother and I left the tank, and after we were far enough away so he could not be heard, my brother laughed and said that he took me with him so father would not beat him.

After about eight months in Borger, Texas, my mother decided to leave my father. She wrote to her brother in Tulsa, Oklahoma and asked him to take us back to Tulsa. During the next few days of waiting, mother decided to take my little brother and I with her shopping. Mother had never been in the stores in the little downtown area. As we were walking along on the path just before we got to the wooden porch in front of the store, a man walking about ten feet in front of us fell and began rolling down the hill. My mother grabbed me and my brothers and ran back under a little shed over the walkway. I asked my mother what was wrong and she showed me a window across the street where a man had shot a gun.

While we were in Borger, I saw one oil well fire and I hope that I never see another one. The fire was about a block from our house and the flames were so hot that the men trying to fight them could not get within fifty yards of the well.

My uncle came to take us back to Tulsa in a two-seat car with a cloth top and isinglass curtains on the side windows. There was no road to the house, so we had to drive over gas lines for miles before we came to a man-made road. After a long tiring ride at about thirty and forty miles per hour, we finally came to Tulsa, Oklahoma, my birthplace.

We moved in with my grandparents on my mother's side. The house had one bedroom, a living room, a dining room and a kitchen. My grandfather built a back porch onto the house, but it had screenwire in place of wood, and this was the bedroom for my two brothers and I. We slept in the same bed, and my little brother slept in the middle. In the winter time, we had a canvas that we would roll down over the screen wire to help keep the snow from getting on our bed, but sometimes the snow would blow through the cracks of the canvas and get on our bed. Because my older brother was big, he could pull the cover over him and leave me exposed to the cold. Many times we woke up in the morning with snow on our bed.

One time when I was about eight years old, my grandmother had a migraine headache. She asked me if I would come to the bed and pray for her. I was not, by any means, a Christian and at eight, I knew that I was not. I told her that I did not know how to pray. She said to just touch her head and say "Jesus, heal grandmother". Trembling, I went over to the bed, reached over and touched her head and said, "Jesus, heal grandmother". She jumped out of bed, began to sing and went into the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Sunday morning around the house was like being in a railroad subway at rush hour, with six people all trying to get breakfast and dress for Sunday school and church. Each of us had taken a bath in the number three galvanized tub in which we also washed our clothes. Bath night for our family was Saturday night. We had a bath once a week. To this day, I do not know what my mother had against ears. She never looked to see if any part of my body was clean except for my ears. She would get a wash rag, take hold of my ear, pull me over to the wash pan and rub my ears until they were red.

Finally, after the smoke settled and we were all in the church, the misery began for me, because I was a child that could not sit still for very long at a time. In those days, in order to be in style, we had to wear knickers, a short pair of pants that came just below the knees. We had to wear long socks that came above the knees with a garter to hold our socks up. I would get uncomfortable and role the garter down to keep it from hurting my leg, but my mother would slap my hand and tell me to sit still. Sometimes I enjoyed part of the sermon, but when the preacher started asking people to come and accept Christ as Lord, I would grip the back of the old wooden bench until my knuckles were white.

My grandfather played the violin in the church, and he talked me into playing my violin with him. This I liked, and nobody knew that I was not a Christian.

The Great Depression hit and my grandfather, who had gone broke as an oil man, took up the carpenter trade but was now out of work. My uncle lost his job, so he and my aunt moved in with us -- eight people living in one little house. My mother, who is only five feet tall, was the only one working. She worked ten to twelve hours per day as a silk finisher in a cleaning plant. For fifty-four hours of work per week, my mother brought home ten to twelve dollars. For five to six dollars she bought groceries for eight people. To this day, I do not know how we lived. The only milk we had was canned milk mixed with water, and we got six loaves of day-old bread for twenty-five cents. In those days, they had a chopping block, a place where the butcher took a piece of meat out of the ice box, for they did not have freezers in those days. He would cut off the amount a person wanted and put the rest in the ice box. We would go down there to get a bone for our dog and he would give us two or three bones out of the bone box nailed to the side of the chopping block. We would take the bones home and put them in a large iron pot, fill the pot with water and boil all the lean off the bones. Then we removed the bones and gave them to the dog. We added salt and pepper to the water and sometimes a little chile powder. We then put in corn meal and boiled it until it was thick. In the summertime, we would go to the farmer's market and buy green beans, beets, tomatoes, corn and okra by the bushel. We would get glass jars, boil the vegetables in the jars and seal them for the winter months.

Because mother worked so many hours a day, I was raised without love. Not one time in my life, did anyone ever say "I love you" or even put an arm around me. Because of this, I would do anything to draw attention. I had a spanking every day of the week except Sunday. I never received a spanking on Sunday. I was sometimes tied to a tree, or to a clothesline, and I can now understand why. I would torment and tease people just to get attention. Below in the depths of my heart, I was very tender and could not stand to see

anyone suffer. When my mother would lose her job, I would lay awake much of the night worrying about her.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt came into office, he started the Old Age Pension Plan. My grandparents did not know how to ask for help and did not know that they could get help. I had a friend, Farley Eastman, who worked as a Western Union boy. One day Farley asked me if I wanted to ride with him on the back of his bike to the courthouse. I accepted the invitation and hopped on. When he went in to deliver the telegram to the county attorney, I went in with him. When Farley left, I sat in front of the attorney's desk. He said, "Boy, do you want to talk to me?" I said, "Yes, sir. My Grandpa and Grandma are sixty-five years old and my mother is having to work to try to make enough to feed all of us and I would like for you to help them get the Old Age Pension." He asked me what their names were and their address. I told him, and the next week he had a caseworker out to talk to them and the next month they received a welfare check.

This started a new life for my mother and her three sons. We were now able to move into a four room house and for the first time in my life, I felt free. No one was home to tell me what to do.

My older brother married and he and his young wife moved in to live with us for a while. His wife became like a mother to me and to my younger brother.

I had tried out for the football team at the school that I had moved from, but the coach of that team would not let me play because I was too small. I was determined to play, because my brother, who was very large, played and I wanted to prove to myself that I could make the team. I only weighed 130 pounds. I told the coach in the new school how I felt and he told me I could try out. It was only a junior high school, but to me it was the greatest place in the world to prove myself. Because I was small for my age and introverted, I had an inferiority complex. After the first week, I had the coach's attention, and before the next month, I was a full-time substitute and was able to play against the team of the school that I had left. The next year I was captain of the team and I went from being a frustrated introvert to an over-confident bully. I would try to pick a fight with anybody that I thought was better than me. We won the championship that year, but that made me more proud and over-confident than I was before.

When the football season was over, I knew my mother would not have money to give me and I started working as a caddy at the Kennedy Golf Course after school and on Saturdays. After school, I would carry a bag for nine holes. I would always stop by a grocery store and buy an Old Henry candy bar and a Coca Cola or an RC Cola. About once a week, I would get a can of Prince Albert smoking tobacco. I gave the rest of my money to my mother to help pay the bills. At that time, I was very restless and would walk for miles just to burn off the excess energy that I had.

At school, Kenneth Cleveland, John Jones, and I became fast friends. We called ourselves the three musketeers. Teenagers do these things because they want to be important. My son never had to do this type of thing, because from the time he was able to talk, I made him feel that he was the most important person in my life. Because of this, he never had to prove himself.

He later became a Vice President of the largest radio network in the State of Texas.

My mother never knew that I smoked cigarettes. Once in a while, some of us would get together and go down two blocks from my house to a little house where a black man made wine and brandy. This was in the days of prohibition. We would knock on the back door and he would bring us a pint of apricot brandy. We would drink a little and all of us would act like we were drunk. This, to us, was a wild night on the town. I thank God that I was not born into this present generation.

It had been about three years since I had been inside of a church of any kind. I thought everything was going well for me, but deep down inside I was very restless. One night I had nothing to do, so I walked into a little church where my brother and his wife were going to church. I went in and sat on the back seat, trying to keep from being noticed. It was a very small wood frame church with not more than fifty people. The pastor's wife got up and said that a person was there that night who was not there because he had nothing else to do, but God had sent him there.

I left the church, and forgot about the service. In the meantime, my younger brother was converted in a church on the other side of town. It was a church that had been a Presbyterian church and the pastor and several of his people had received the Holy Spirit. One evening I went to visit a young man whom my brother was also visiting. When I arrived, they were getting ready to go to special service in which a concert pianist would give his testimony on how he became a Christian. I sat as near the back of the church. The music was filled with the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and at that time, I did not realize what was going on within me. As the man got up to talk I noticed that I was not able to turn him off as I always could do at will. After he talked a while, he sat back on the piano stool and said that if anyone would like to receive Christ into his heart, to come as he played. About that time, a man took hold of my arm and led me to the altar. By this time, I was crying so much that I could hardly see where I was walking. I did not know how to pray, but each word that I was told to speak had a very deep meaning as if I had said it in my Spirit many times before. It had been years since I had sat in a service where so much of the Holy Spirit was moving. As I fell back on the floor, someone above me began to speak in tongues without thinking. I began to speak and then I saw Jesus looking down at me from the cross. I knew then that I would forever be a slave to Jesus Christ. From that time on, I have not been like any other person. In fact, no one can understand why I live the way I do, for since that day I have not been my own. At times, I have run for months from God trying to get rich like the carnal preachers, but God will not let me live like other ministers. I know that to them, getting rich off of the poor is just letting God bless you, but I have never made any gain off any people anywhere at any time.

At that time, I was smoking a half pack of cigarettes per day. No one had to tell me it was wrong. That night I went home, threw them away and tried not to think about them anymore. One morning I woke from sleep and thought about a smoke because I felt that I had just finished smoking a cigarette. As I looked around the room and did not see a cigarette pack

anywhere, I realized that I had dreamed that I had smoked one and was about to smoke another one. I thought I had broken my promise to God. For the first time after my conversion, I recognized the tricks of the devil. Not that I have not been deceived since then, but I am able to recognize the devil after I have been misled. Thank God that He has given me wisdom to get right and not be too proud to admit I am wrong.

I have known several ministers who have let wrong doctrine and pride take over their congregations while people die and stay sick and they are too proud to believe that money is not their God. I wish that every Christian could see Jesus just for one minute. From that time on, they would not care for money, cars, clothes, or houses and land. I have given houses and cars and very much money and all I ask in return is just one more glimpse of Him.

I heard a preacher tell people that it is a sin to not clean your car. He does not have to work eight hours a day to feed a family, and if he really knew Jesus, he would have his mind on the needs of a man and not on what he is driving.

I started going to church where my older brother went to church. I fell in love with a girl with blonde hair and blue eyes -- the kind of girl I had dreamed of. Being young, I did not know that she had emotional problems. A man in love at first sight doesn't see into the spirit very far because the outside wins out. To my hurt later in life I fell for a girl that was in love with another young man. This was one of the first mistakes of my life. We got married, and for a while I was very happy. I had a job as a janitor in the Southern Mill & Manufacturing Company, a place across the street from where we got married. We rented a little two-room house for twelve dollars per month. I would come home from my job very happy, and many times I could see that she had been crying. I would ask her why and she never did have a good explanation, but I, being young, and never having had a sister, thought that all women were just a little off.

I got a better paying job in Sand Spring and we moved closer to the church. I did not have a car and had to ride the bus to church, so this put us within walking distance of the church. This made it convenient for my wife to see the boy that she grew up with. I did not know this for many years after we were married.

I rode a street car from Tulsa to Sand Springs to work so I was gone from home about ten hours per day. The Sheffield Steel Company had to shut down for a week and I noticed in the paper that they would let a person drive a car to California. They would pay the gasoline if you would drive it one way. Car lots in Tulsa were having cars taken to California and sold there to make a larger profit. We packed and started for California. I had an aunt and uncle out there, but I did not write them to tell them that we were coming. I drove to California and stopped only two hours to sleep. When I arrived in Los Angeles, I noticed a policeman motioning me to go faster. I was going fifty miles per hour, so I put my foot to the peddle and drove like all the other maniacs. To this day, I do not know how I found my aunt's house in Venus, California. When we pulled up in front of the house, my ears were ringing and I was very tired, but it never entered my mind that my uncle and aunt may not have room for us. We rang the door bell and my aunt came to the door. She was really surprised to see us in California! My uncle kept holding his hand

over his mouth and I asked if he had a toothache. His face turned red. He said that he wore false teeth and while deep sea fishing, he leaned over the side of the boat to lift out a fish, and his teeth fell into the ocean! We were made to feel at home and they had a spare bedroom for us.

I put my application in at the Douglass Aircraft Company in Santa Monica, California. I waited two weeks and put it in again and they hired me. Soon after that came December 7, 1941 and here we were on the coast of California -- the most dangerous place in the United States!

We found a house, a little better than the one in Tulsa for the same amount of money. However, fresh fruit and vegetables cost only half as much because they had Japanese cheap labor. I could buy a dozen tree ripened oranges for a dime and for three dollars could buy all of the groceries including meat that both of us could carry home.

If you lived within three blocks of the ocean, you were in the blackout zone. You could not drive a car after sundown with the lights on, and the window shades had to be down so light could not be seen outside the house. Once, at about two in the morning, we heard what sounded like bombs coming down. We both jumped out of the bed. I pulled the shade of the window back and, to my surprise, I saw the sky aglow with anti-aircraft ammunition exploding like roman candles! We put the dishes back into the cabinet. They had fallen out because of the concussion of the two anti-aircraft guns. These large guns were located in Santa Monica and Long Beach. As the ammunition would cross in the sky, it would explode and make a beautiful sight. The ground would vibrate and the old window weights would swing back and forth for two or three minutes.

All along the coast the government had helium filled balloons with steel cables holding them down to the ground. We hoped that any Japanese plane which might attempt to land would hit the cables and destroy itself.

One morning, we heard a knock at the door and a young man by the name of Tommy asked if he could come in. After an introduction, he asked us to get dressed and go with him to church. He would not take no for an answer, so we dressed and went with him to the little white frame church in Venus. He could play the guitar and his wife played the piano. After my conversion, I began again to become an introvert and I admired people who were explosive and vibrant. Tommy had a car salesman's personality and because he was a preacher, I listened to him and learned many things -- some good and others not so good.

I had worked for Douglass Aircraft about a year when Tommy asked me if I would like to go with him to Texas and have a long revival. I was very enthusiastic. Working for the Lord was my greatest ambition.

I did not know that the tires on his car were old and not having a car of my own, I was not used to looking at the mechanical condition of a car. After a few miles, we had the first flat and, without a government stamp, we could not buy a new tire for any amount of money. From Venus, California to the little town of Marble Falls, we had twelve flats. We looked around the little town and saw an old four-room house that had a wood-burning cook stove in it. We found the owner of the house and gave him ten dollars for the first month's rent.

We went to a lumber yard and asked the man if he would sell us some two by six boards to build a platform and a place for people to sit on the lot facing the highway behind the old house. We asked around the town about a place where we could find an old piano that was for sale. We finally went to Burnett, ~~California~~ and a man sold us an old piano that had been used in a saloon. We paid the man five dollars and promised to pay him five dollars a week until it was paid off. We picked up an old orange crate from the grocery store, put it on the platform and used it for a pulpit. I asked Tommy if he was going to advertise the meeting. He said that the people would fall out of the hills like bees to honey.

About sunset, after stringing the lights up, I got up behind the orange crate and Tommy and his wife began to play as I was swinging my arms to the time of the music as if I had a congregation of a hundred people. At first, three little children came out from behind some trees and sat down, then an old man and his wife came and sat beside them. Within twenty minutes, we had about fifty people sitting on the two by six boards. The next night we had about a hundred, and for the next six months we had one to two hundred people every night. The last two months, I had to preach and hold the service alone. Because people had no television sets, did not like radio, and had no money, I had a very good crowd to preach to.

Tommy and his wife went to Waco, Texas so Tommy could go to work. I began to realize that Tommy was in the ministry to stay out of the Army. I had two brothers that were in the Marine Corps and did not think about trying to stay out of the service. These men were called draft dodgers.

One day two little boys came to the door and asked if I would come with them and pray for their grandmother. I had no car, so my wife and I followed the boys down through town and, as we went, I noticed that the black people would get off the walk as I came by and bow in reverence to me. This type of treatment I had never seen before. I asked the boys why they did this and they said that it was to show respect to anyone that they thought was a holy man. As we went through the town of Marble Falls, I saw a sight like I had never seen before. Men, women, boys and girls lived outside next to the Colorado River. Grandma was lying on an old ragged mattress outside with an old patched quilt pulled up over her. She had a fever. What do you do when so many people are watching and expecting you to heal this poor soul? For a few seconds I felt helpless but, like a flash of lightning, faith suddenly filled my soul and as I prayed the woman received faith and was instantly healed.

Cold weather was about to set in, so I had to find somewhere to stay for the winter. A minister from the Church of God gave me money for my bus fare to Tulsa and I left him everything that I had bought so he could start a Sunday school and teach the children about the Lord. Three weeks before I left, a sheriff drove up in front of the house and began to sound his horn. Finally I went out and asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted me to get out of town. I asked why. He said that I was disturbing the peace. Now the service station was a block away and they would close at night before my service started. I let him see my minister's license and told him that I was within the laws of the Constitution of the United States. I never saw him again.

We moved to my mother's and I started working for the Douglass Aircraft Plant in Tulsa, Oklahoma. After about a year we decided to go back to California.

Little did I realize what was ahead for me, or I would have never gone. When we arrived in Venus, California, we went to the home of a friend, Dutch, and we were treated like royalty. We rented a bedroom from an older lady about three blocks away. Dutch got me a job in a bakery where he was working. We rented a little upstairs apartment in Venus.

Things were going very well until my wife and a friend went by a trailer that was set up to take ex-rays for tuberculosis. My wife, who had no symptoms of infection, was put under an isolation order and we had to take her to the hospital within three days. I had never been away from my wife for even one night. I continued to work in the bakery for a month. Then I looked in the want ads in the newspaper and saw that they were in need of experienced help at the Lockheed Plant in Burbank, California.

The next day I got a bus in Venus to downtown Los Angeles where I got a streetcar into Burbank. I filled out my application and was hired to go to work the following Monday.

One night I awoke and the Lord told me to read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. I opened my Bible and when I got to the fifth verse, I knew that the Lord was speaking to me in person. From that time on, I did not worry. In my heart I knew that the Lord was now in command. After working about a month, my appetite for food left me, and for a month, I worked every day and did not eat any food, nor did I drink a lot of water. This, by far, was the most glorious experience of my life. If I had been hungry at any time, I would have eaten. I had moved to Burbank, California to be closer to my work and I was only permitted to visit my wife once per month.

One night I dreamed that two doctors took my wife in the basement of the hospital and tried to give her a way to heal by collapsing the lung. This was done by putting a needle through her lung and putting air between the lung and the rib cage. They punctured her lung and the air went inside the lung instead of between the lung wall and the rib. I believe that this was more than a dream. I believe my spirit was in the hospital at the time for when I walked in and saw my wife without a pillow under her head, I knew why and asked her what time they did this, and she said at about 2 a. m. that morning. This is the time that I woke up after the vision or dream. I did not know any doctors in Burbank, so the Lord told me to walk down the main street of Burbank and he would lead me to the right doctor. As I walked along, I would pray in front of the door of each doctor. After about three stops the Spirit led me into a doctor's office. The receptionist asked if I had an appointment. I said that I did not, but I would like to talk to the doctor when he had time. After a few minutes, the receptionist told me I could talk to the doctor. I told the doctor that I had a wife who had tuberculosis. He told me to relax and tell him anything that I wanted to talk about, because he had a brother in a sanitarium with tuberculosis and understood.

I phoned the hospital and told them that I wanted my wife sent to the Sunland Sanitarium. I then called the ambulance to have her taken that very day. The next weekend, I went to the sanitarium to ask if I could take her home for the weekend, and they released her to me. I called Jerry E. Houph

from Van Nuys, California. His wife, and a Mrs. Vansant, had been healed of tuberculosis, and I asked Jerry, his wife, and Mrs. Vansant to come and pray for my wife. I knew that the police would be out to pick me up for breaking the isolation order, so I moved as quickly as possible. I called the doctor that I had visited in Burbank and asked him to come with a portable x-ray machine to x-ray my wife to prove that God had healed her, so I would be free. He came and x-rayed her, and the same day took his x-rays to the hospital to compare them with the hospital x-rays. After checking the x-rays, they removed the isolation order. But the police already had me located. That evening when I got home from work, I had to go to the post office and sign for a letter from the hospital. Because of the doctor's release, they could not have me arrested.

I left my wife home one morning to go to a church in the little town of Roscoe, the next town west of Burbank. It was a large church and was full of people. It was a Four-square church and had a lady pastor. I sat near the back of the church and, as they sang, I noticed the pastor looking at me. After they sang a song, she got up and said that she would like for the young minister or bible school student to come to the platform. I did not make a move until a deacon came and held my arm and said that the minister wanted me on the platform. I am not a man who is afraid of anything, not even death. But that was one time that I felt fear. She asked me if I would preach for her the next Sunday morning. I said that I did not know, so she had the man lead another song so that I could make up my mind. The Lord took away the fear, so I leaned over and whispered in her ear that I would try. The most people that I had spoken to was about two hundred, and they were all very poor people in a brush arbor. The next week I would read and pray most of my time that I was not working. Sunday morning finally came, and I was now wanting to get over the task. When I got up to speak, I could feel my knees shake a little, and I opened the Bible and began to read in Ezekiel, the twenty-second chapter and the thirteenth verse. "And I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge and stand in the gap before Me for the land, that I should not destroy it; but I found none."

As I began to speak, the fear left, and for about thirty minutes I felt heaven come down. Before I was finished, men and women, boys and girls were weeping around the altar. I have never since that time felt more of the Spirit of God than I did that morning.

I left my job at the Lockheed plant in California and started to go back to Tulsa, not knowing that the Lord had other plans for me. I had a little thirty-three Chevrolet, the kind with the little rumble seat. All of our belongings went into that little rumble seat. Before we came to Santa Rosa, New Mexico, I heard my car begin to make a strange sound. When I looked down, I saw that it had no oil pressure. I did not know what a rod bearing was, and when I stopped at a little gas station, the man at the station told me that I couldn't drive it in that condition. The service station had an old wooden outside toilet. When I went out to it, much to my amazement, I saw, as I looked down the hole, a little baby lying in the mess, dead. I was shocked because I had never seen anything like it before. I told the old man at the station. He laughed and said that many of the Mexican women throw their babies down the toilet and the garbage men haul them away with the rest of the dung.

My wife and I went across the street to the only hotel in town. They had a little clay bowl to wash your hands in and a galvanized pail of water. I asked to make a long distance call and went to the wall where the phone was hanging. I picked up the receiver and cranked the little arm that hung on the side of the phone. After cranking several times, I got the operator. I called Amarillo, Texas to the pastor of the church that was in fellowship with the church in Van Nuys, California. When he spoke, he said that he and his congregation had been praying that I would stop there, so they were expecting me. I told him my problem, and he said that he would send a man with a tow bar, who would be there in about three hours. In about three hours, the man came with the tow bar, and soon we were in Amarillo. The man gave me some of his underclothes, a shirt and clean socks. They treated my wife and me like we were royalty. They waited for a couple of days before they let us know why they wanted us there. About the third day, a very young couple from Van Nuys came in smiling saying that the Lord heard our prayer. I said, what was your prayer? He said that they were praying that we would work with him and his wife to start a mission on Fourth Street in Amarillo. At that time, Fourth Street in Amarillo was the skid row of that town. The city only had fifty thousand people, but it had a large air base where soldiers trained for the war.

I had a car that could not run and not much money, so I accepted it as God's will because I saw no other way out. After starting and getting acquainted with the Davises, I began to preach to empty seats -- at least forty of them. Leland had never preached before, so I let him preach every other night. If he made any mistakes, the empty seats and I were the only ones to know it. At times a few people would look in the door, listen a while and walk on by. In the meantime, I got acquainted with the mechanic next door. He kept the busses running for the Victory Bus Company. They picked up the service men and brought them into town. He told me to bring my car into the garage and park it next to the wall. If I would help him by cleaning the parts that come out of the busses, he would help me rebuild my motor. We completely rebuilt the car, and from that time on I was able to do much of the work on my own car, an ability which has saved me hundreds of dollars.

One night we thought that we had another dry run, when about ten service men walked up and stood in the door. They listened to the preaching, and after a few minutes came in and sat on the back row. We began to preach as if these guys were hearing the gospel for the first time. Then came the time that all preachers really are leading up to -- the moment of decision. I began the altar call and, within a couple of minutes, the sergeant got out of his seat, and with tears flowing down his cheeks, knelt at the altar. The rest of the men came after him and began to weep as the Holy Spirit fell on them. They went back to the base, and when they came back, they asked if the large church had any old songbooks that they could take to the base. We were able to get some songbooks and they started a song service on the base every afternoon after they finished eating. About fifty soldiers joined in the singing, and some even started a quartet.

My car, at this time, as in perfect condition and the mission was being supported by the main church because the people who were being converted at the mission were going to the main church. The church, therefore, was willing to reach out more to give to the mission.

The tires on my car were old, and I did not think that I could ever get stamps to buy tires, so I did not apply for them. A man in the church said, "Brother Day, it looks like your car needs tires." I said, "It does, but I don't know how." He said that he had a friend who worked in the stamp office and he would talk to him. About a week later, he called me and said that he had four stamps for the tires. Not only did he get the stamps for the tires, but went to the church, and the pastor gave him the money to buy the tires for me. We left Amarillo with a car that ran like new and was sporting a new set of tires. The only people who ever got a new set of tires in World War II were high-ranking officers in the Armed Services, congressmen and senators. We arrived in Tulsa. Nelson and Nyleen came to Tulsa, and we went with them into the lapland of Oklahoma. Our first revival was in the number nine schoolhouse, and our address was Cowboy Hollow, Tiner Creek Westville, Oklahoma. We had to sleep in a little one-room log cabin. Leland and his wife would sleep outside one night and my wife and I would sleep outside the next night.

After about a month, we went into the little city of Silom Springs, Arkansas, and rented an old store building. In a small town you don't have to advertise, because in those days, the people had no place to go so they would come from every kind of church just to have something to do. One night I wanted to get away, just my wife and I, to visit. I got into the car and started driving, just taking time to talk to my wife. I stopped to get some gasoline, and the man saw my Bible in back of the car. He asked if I was a preacher, and I said that I was. He asked if I would preach for him that night, and I said I would, but where was the church. He pointed to the schoolhouse and explained that he would ring a large bell above the schoolhouse three times for school business and five times for church business. It was about five o'clock when he rang the bell, and we went into his frame home and ate supper with him and his wife. After eating, he rang the bell again, and an hour later we saw old cars, wagons, and some on horseback coming from every direction. They came from every denomination, I learned after the meeting. I saw the most outstanding conversion in that little schoolhouse. A teenage Indian girl came for conversion and, as she prayed, she began to name all of her sins, one by one, for everyone to hear. Twice she stopped to explain that all she had to do is just believe and read the scriptures. She would say, "I'm no saved." After she prayed another five minutes or more, she looked up with the most spirit-filled expression that I have ever seen and said, "I'm saved."

We had several women that were dancing in the spirit as they sang, and I asked the pastor what kind of church they believed in. I thought that he would say Pentecostal, and was surprised to hear that they were Baptist.

As the winter months came, we had to leave Silom Springs because the people could not afford to keep two families in the winter months. My wife and I went to Tulsa and Leland and his wife went back to California.

I was in Tulsa for about a week when the Lord spoke to me and told me to go to Checotah, Oklahoma to an Assembly of God church to hold a revival. I did not tell anyone where we were going because I did not want anyone asking questions because I did not have any answers. We went to the little town, and within a few minutes, we found the church. We walked up to the door and the pastor said that they had been praying two weeks for us come. You are an evangelist and we need a revival. He did not ask me for an

Assembly of God license, and that proved to me that that was one Assembly of God preacher that was in touch with God. After over a week of preaching, he asked me to take his church, and he was surprised when I told him that a little church somewhere in the hills south of there had a church full of people but no pastor. He said he did not know of one, and his wife said that a little church in Hanna, Oklahoma was in need of a pastor. There were three churches in the little town and not one of them had a pastor. I said that that was the church that God wanted me to pastor.

We lived in a little two-room house. We had to heat the house with coal and cook on a kerosene stove. We had service on Saturday and Sunday evenings. On these evenings the building was full, and people were looking in the windows because the church could not hold all of the people. Wednesday the church was always at least three-quarters full, and many times when the Church of Christ people had no other place to go, they would come and fill the church.

We were in Hanna only about three months when my wife, for no reason, asked for a mink coat. This was impossible for me to even consider because most of the people did not know what a mink fur was, and most of them were not dressed warm because they did not have a steady income. If the crops did not grow they were left many times to go through the winter with no income. She had more clothes than any woman that I ever knew. She had ten pair of shoes, fifteen dresses and several dozen pieces of underclothes. We had so much to eat that about every month we would take a ham or potatoes to my mother who is a widow in Tulsa.

After about four months, my wife said that she wanted to go to Tulsa. I took her to Tulsa and left her at her mother's house, never thinking that anything was wrong with her. After she was gone for a week, I received a letter from her that she was filing for divorce. I will not fight, so I went back to Tulsa and waited at the home of my mother until I could sign her divorce papers and pull myself together, because this was the first and only girl that I had ever been around in my whole life. I lost all desire for food and did not eat for a week. The attorney came as expected, and I signed the petition and gave her all that she asked for.

I was only twenty-four years old, and so I thought that if that was the way that God treated me after all that I had gone through, I would go my way and forget about preaching.

One evening, after going on a blind date, as I was driving along, the Lord said loud and clear, "Son, I love you." I stopped by the side of the road and began to weep, and even though I had not smoked but about three cigarettes, I did have a pack in my pocket. I threw them out of the car.

After my divorce was complete, I met a woman in Sand Springs, Oklahoma who had a five-year old daughter. This woman was blind in one eye and had been to a tea leaf reader and was also a member of the Assembly of God church in Sand Springs. I did not know that she had a familiar spirit, and did not know until at least twenty years later. My mother advised me not to marry her because she was two years older than me. She and her little girl were living over an old store building in one room and had to share the bath with other people down the hall.

The pastor of a church in Tulsa wanted to talk to me, and I refused to talk to him. I made the mistake of a lifetime, for I had to pay for my disobedience for thirty long years.

I drove by her house and loaded everything that she and her little daughter had into the car. We started to California and everything was going along good. When we arrived in Amarillo, Texas, we went to the Justice of the Peace and got married. We rented a motel in Amarillo. We started to go eat and, for the first time, the little girl began to have a temper fit and refused to go to dinner with us. After awhile we talked her into going with us, and at bedtime, she insisted on sleeping with her mother. She had never been told that she could not have anything that she wanted. From that time on, she was a very unhappy little girl and thirty years later, is still unhappy.

After arriving in California, I went to work at the North American Aircraft Company, Elsigundo plant. One day I came home and my wife told me that her blind eye was itching, and I told her to go to an eye doctor in Santa Monica. The next evening when I came home, the doctor told her that the blind eye was better than the good eye. The bad eye had hemorrhaged, and the doctor in Sand Springs said that she would never see out of it again. After being in California for about three months, we got a letter from Tulsa, and they told me that my first wife got out of bed and began to scream to the top of her voice for me. Her mother said that it took five men to hold her and put her in a straight jacket, but before they got her in the jacket, she had pulled all the flesh off of her cheek bones. My grandmother went to the funeral and could see where the ~~wax~~ was put in against the flesh of the cheekbone.

I had other things now to think about because my wife told me she was pregnant and had been for a month, but did not want me to know until she was sure.

I worked for about another month, and I knew that for some reason the Lord did not want my son born in California. I asked her to get ready to move back to Oklahoma. We came back to Tulsa, and I went to work for Douglass Aircraft Company. I did not know that my wife had a heart condition when I married her, but she had had rheumatic fever when she was nine years old and this had left her with a heart condition.

One evening when I came in from work, I came in the house and found that she had a high fever. We lived in the country close to the Douglass plant. I took her to my mother's and called Doctor P. G. Murry, a medical doctor who had a gift of healing. She was coughing up blood. My mother had called some old women from a church in Tulsa to come over and pray for her. It was the same church that had put Doctor Murry out of the church because the pastors of the city prayed for the sick and they would not get healed, but when they would go to Doctor Murry, he would pray for them and not give them any medicine. This was an embarrassment to the preachers in the Pentecostal churches, so they put him out of the church. Doctor Murry came in and said, "James, what do you want?" I said, "Doctor, you know what I want." He went to her bedside and looked about and saw the old pharisees that had been praying and had stopped praying, and one said she can only live another thirty minutes and they all quit praying. Doctor Murry laid both hands on her head and cried with a loud voice and said, "Satan, I command you to come out in the name of Jesus." She quit coughing and fell into a

deep sleep. The others thought that she was dead, and Doctor Murry said, "James, I am going to call the drug store and prescribe a medicine that will make her sleep. When she awakens, tell her to come to the office to check her to see how the baby has taken this condition. " I went to the drug store and came back and woke her and gave her one teaspoon of the medicine, and the next morning she woke up completely well. The next day she walked into the doctor's office and he said, "Delores, I don't know if you realize it or not, but you are a miracle. "

I promised God if he would let me have a son, that I would not pray for my wife anymore if he would let her live until my boy was out of school. God told me to name him David. When he was born, he brought to me more happiness than I ever dreamed to be possible in this world.

The war was winding down and I did not know how long my job would last at the Douglass plant, but worse than that, I was ordered to report for examination to be inducted into the army. Doctor Murry had told me that I had capillary thrombosis and to not go up stairs at a fast pace. The army doctor told me that I could not live more than five years. My heart would skip a beat and then beat twice instead of once on the next beat. That was forty-five years ago, and I still walk over a mile a day with a heart that is just a little oversized.

The young man that my former wife was good friends with had ben married to my sister-in-law's sister, and he passed away with heart trouble. One day his wife went to the cemetery and saw her husband buried next to my former wife. She went that same day and asked his mother why my former wife was buried next to her husband. His mother told her that that was his last request. It was not long before she remarried, because a friend of hers was hoping that she would someday want to be married again.

When my boy was only four months old, the Lord told me to go to Eufaula, Oklahoma to preach on a Sunday night. It was about to freeze and I did not have the money for the gasoline to go. When I told my grandmother, she gave me money for gasoline, because she knew that I would always pay her back.

We dressed our little daughter warm and put the baby in his basket. After traveling about forty miles, my wife said that the baby would need his bottle after a while. This, I did not think about before we left Tulsa. I stopped by the side of the road, went to the radiator of the car, took the cap off, and put his bottle in the hot water. Within a few moments, the bottle was warm. I am so relieved that she was a woman who never asked me how or why I was doing what I did. Many times God has spoken to me and I did not know why he was having me do what I was doing. Not one time did I obey His voice in which He was not exalted.

We arrived, and at first they were not very friendly. As the pastor's wife visited with my wife, I began to relax, because in that church they felt that we were living in adultery. I did not tell him why I had come, and the next morning after the service he asked if I would preach for him that night. I agreed to speak. I had been pastor of a little church just twenty miles from there at Hanna, Oklahoma, where my wife had left me before she died. The word got out that I was to speak, and to my surprise, many people came from

Hanna to hear me speak. So we had the largest crowd since the opening of the church.

After I finished speaking, the pastor's wife's brother came to the altar and accepted the Lord. The church had been praying for him to be converted, and some said they almost gave up.

The next day we went back to Tulsa in nice warm weather, and because the pastor gave me a good offering, I was able to give grandmother her money back as I had before. I think that she had more faith in me than I did in myself. What a great price just for one soul, but this has been my lot in life: to do the work of a slave for my master.

One day, I received a letter from Guy Shields asking me to meet him in Enid, Oklahoma. We had not found work in Tulsa so we decided to meet him there. We arrived at the church where he was to preach, about the time the first song started. After the service, I introduced myself and my family. He only knew me from correspondence. He asked me if I could go and teach in a Bible school in Clanton, Alabama for about three months. I had a nineteen thirty-six Dodge that I had just finished putting a new piston in. Because of the war, I had to put in a used piston. It had been years since they were manufactured. After the service we went to the airport, and he got his money back on his ticket. We got in my car, and were on our way to Clanton, Alabama. After about a hundred miles, he told me that his ticket was only to Memphis, Tennessee, where he was to preach Sunday night. When we arrived at the church, the meeting was about over, and the pastor was furious with us. We had to sleep in a motel, although the pastor had a large home with plenty of room. This is the type of ministers that are causing America to take a second glance at the so-called Christian ministers in America. Over half of them do not know the same Christ that I know. Guy had to stay over and minister for three more nights, so he gave me twenty dollars, and called the Dean of the school to let him know when I would arrive in Clanton. We arrived, and when we went into the school thirty students all began at the same time to make us welcome. The girls wanted to hold David. In fact, my wife let them take over the baby while she helped in the kitchen.

The school was a hotel that they had made into a school for children who had problems at home or parents who traveled in gospel work and could not take the children with them. I taught personal evangelism five days a week. On Saturday I took three girls and three boys to three towns close to Clanton to have them preach on the streets.

One night while we were asleep, a young man got the keys out of my pants pocket. The children were not permitted to leave after dark without permission. This boy had his friends help him tie the bed sheets together, and he went out of the second-story window to pick up a woman much older than he. He drove the car at highest speeds. The next morning my car keys were laying on a table next to my bed. I had no idea that my car had been driven, but when I tried to start my car, it was dead. After praying a few hours, the truth came out. The boy himself came and apologized to me, but that did not heal the car. I sold the car for two hundred dollars, and felt that I had given them three of the most important teachings of their lives, because I let them practice how to make direct contact with the masses.

It was getting close to Christmas and I had not seen my father since I was ten years old. He broke a restraining order that my mother had against him, and had my cousin come by to ask us to his house. When we got to his house, my dad met us at the door, put his arm around us, and told us how much he had missed us. When we got on the train to go to Great Bend, Kansas, it was full of service men. They were very polite and insisted that we take their seats. They went to the back of the car and sat on their duffel bags. That seemed like the longest train ride in history, for because ice was on the tracks, the train would go for miles in one direction and then would have to go back for several miles. So when we got into Chicago, we were three hours behind the time schedule. After waiting in the depot for two hours, we got on a train that took us into Great Bend, Kansas. We walked from the station to where my father and his wife were living with his sister, her husband and their teenage daughter. Everyone was delighted that we came. For my father never dreamed that he would see my two brothers or me again. My dad said that it was the best Christmas that he had had in years. We had pheasant for Christmas dinner.

The next day I took my daughter, wife and little boy, David, back to Tulsa. I did not have a car, so we took a bus to Drumright, Oklahoma. We rented a large house for twelve dollars a month, because the man who ran the show in town bought it for an investment and just wanted money from it to pay the taxes. It was in a grocery store and the owner's wife asked me what kind of work I could do. I said that I could do about anything. She said that she had a job just for me. She took me in the back of the store and showed me an old divan that was a lot of fancy woodwork under the frame, and it was broken into at least twenty pieces. I had worked for a furniture repair store in Tulsa, but I only stripped the material off of furniture for the upholsterer to replace with new material and also to strip the finish off furniture to be refinished. I took the job as a challenge. I got some old glue clamps, and it took me a week to get all the molding glued back together. My wife would sew the cording for the cushions, and I would put in layers of cotton and cut the material. After three weeks we had the job completed. I did not have any idea why a woman would pay so much for an old divan to be repaired. I was soon to learn that it was an antique and she sold it for three hundred dollars. I made about fifty cents per hour. That is the wages for my wife and I working six hours a day.

Word got around that I could do that kind of work, and one day an old ambulance drove up in front of the little old grocery store that I had rented just to reglue old chairs and tables. It had a large dining room table with six chairs to be reglued and refinished. It was from Cushing, Oklahoma, the next town over from us. I took the job, and he was well pleased with my work, but I soon found out that God had other plans for me.

I got up one morning, and after drinking a cup of coffee, I fainted and fell back on the bed. I did not yet have any transportation and was undecided about what God was trying to get through to me. That afternoon a letter came from Omaha, Nebraska from Glidden Lister, a man I had not seen for over fifteen years. To this day, I do not know where he found my address. He was superintendent of the Pentecostal Church of God for the Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri section of the nation.

We packed everything that we could and shipped it to his address in Omaha. It was at least a hundred degrees when we left, so we never took coats or even a jacket with us. We arrived and, to our surprise, the weather was much colder than in Oklahoma. We went with them to a camp meeting in Missouri and the first night at the camp meeting, little David came down with a fever. Glidden's wife and my wife took him back to Omaha, Nebraska to stay until the meeting was over. My daughter went with them, but before she left she was stung by a bunch of bubble bees.

After the camp meeting, we went from Missouri back to Omaha, and after a couple of days, we got on a train and went to the little town of Seymour, Iowa. We arrived at two o'clock in the morning. I had been given the directions to the parsonage that was behind the little white wood church that had only been built for a year. The pastor could not support his family and had to leave the little town to find work, for he was a carpenter.

The house was locked and it was not a moonlit night, so I found a window that was unlocked and went in and unlocked the front door and let the family in. I could not locate the fuse box where the electricity had been turned off. We would feel our way around the front room and located a divan and a chair. We laid David down on one end of the divan and Aleene on the other end. My wife and I located chairs and we all fell asleep.

A knock came at the back door the next morning, and it was a deacon from the church who came in and showed me where the switch to the electricity was. The next day we went into the attic to see what was there, for a stairway was built up to the attic. We found that the owners of the house had stored antique furniture, and the children saw first-hand what a haunted house looked like.

The state of Iowa has the best soil in the world to raise food. After we had been there for a week, the people began to bring in food, and within about a month, we had over a hundred fruit jars filled with every type fruit and vegetable that a person could think of, which included honey that was produced in Seymour. A woman that was a member of the Methodist church brought us two loaves of hot bread that she baked and kept hot by wrapping them in a towel. She also brought us a pound of fresh churned butter. She said that every Thursday she would have the bread and butter at our house. We were there for about a year and she never missed having the bread and butter at our front door at noon.

The most unusual person I have ever met was the most faithful person to come to the church. A woman was seen fifteen minutes before church service every time the church doors were opened. She wore a mink coat and she would sit on the step of the church. With the mink coat she wore a pair of men's high-top shoes. She would never speak to anyone unless you asked a question. Then she would answer with as few words as possible.

The town had four hundred in population and had four churches. This was by far the kind of people that any pastor would like to have, because when the time came to start the service, not a person was late for the ten months that we were there.

People in Iowa will not eat rabbit, because they say that they are rodents. They called me the little Oklahoma Indian preacher, and asked me over the

phone if I liked rabbit. I said I did, so he asked me how many I would like. I thought he was joking and told him about twenty-one. He said that he would bring them by. He came with a pickup full of wild rabbit. I learned that the farmers there would get fifty or more men together and take clubs to drive the rabbits to a fence line put up of fine woven wire. When the rabbits came to the fence line, they would club them to death. We took the rabbits, cleaned them and got them ready to eat. We did not have a refrigerator, so we had a large pot that was made for canning food. We put the rabbits in it and tied the lid on it and put it out the upstairs window on the roof of the front porch. We had rabbit cooked every way, including barbecued.

We burned coal and we had to get water out of a well. We had a washing machine that you had to push a handle back and forth to get the agitator to move in the machine to wash the clothes. For one month it never got less than fifteen degrees below zero. This was much too cold for me.

By this time I had several preachers that wanted the church, because the people they could see would support the pastor, so my job was complete. I put my wife and two children on the train and sent them to Tulsa. I left about five hundred cans of fruit and vegetables for the next pastor, and got on a bus for Sacramento, California, where I was promised a job picking asparagus.

I had only bus fare and ten dollars to get to my destination. I ate very little on my way out, and when I got to the fields, not a soul was to be found. I took a cab back to the bus station and took my suit-case and an old overcoat and started my first experience of hitch-hiking. After about five miles and thousands of cars, I came to a service station and took the only nickel that I had and got a bag of peanuts. This was the wrong thing to get on an empty stomach. Each time I would try to chew, the peanut seemed to get larger, and with no water to drink made it very difficult to get the peanut down.

I went into a service station late that evening and the man that was working there asked me if I wanted to sleep in an old car parked beside the station. I got in the car and did not move until I heard him the next morning telling me that it was time to start out again.

Within an hour, a car came by and went in front of me for about thirty feet and then backed up and swung the right-hand door open and said, "What is a prophet of the Lord doing out here?" I got in the car and explained to him. He told me that he would take me to the next town and for me to go to a church, and said the Lord would lead me to the right church.

He left me off in Stockton, California, in front of a service station. I looked in the phone book and did not see any church that thought I was the right one, so I walked a block down from the service station and on the corner was a church. I asked a man where the pastor of the church lived, and he pointed to the second house from the corner. I rang the doorbell. A black man came to the door and I thought he was the butler, because the home was a large house in a very nice location. I asked him if I may talk to the pastor, and he said to come in, that this was her time for prayer. I went into the dining room and she was kneeling in front the chair and said, "Come in, brother, we have been expecting you." She said that her husband had a dream and the Lord showed him that I was to come to their home.

After she got through praying the devil out of several people that she named in her prayers, she got up and went to the kitchen to cook me breakfast. I told her that it may be too much for me because I had not eaten anything but a sack of peanuts for two days. She had bacon and eggs with milk and toast.

She called a pastor from a white church and wrote his address on a piece of paper, gave it to me, and sent her husband with me to the bus line to show me which bus to get on to go to the white pastor's home. On the way to the bus stop, he put his hand in his pocket and gave me a handful of change and said the Lord had told him that he should give to me all the money that he had for my bus fare. After a short bus ride, the driver let me off the bus and pointed to the house that I was to go to.

I had not shaved since I left Iowa, so I knew that I looked terrible. He was waiting for me and was very kind. He told me that he had out of town company, and he said that he would call the YMCA and they would take care of me. He gave me the money to buy a ticket to Los Angeles. I went there for the first time in my life to the YMCA, and now I know from the experience that some people do care.

After a warm bath, a shave, and a change of clothes, I was on a bus going to LA. On the bus I realized that I could be wealthy if I wanted to stay on a job and live like others. But on the other hand, I knew that my life was not my own. When God healed me, he made me to think different than any other person. No one, even my family, can understand me, for I am not controlled by the same emotions as most humans. At times I feel like most people, but I see most humans as animals instead of men; for they are greedy, selfish, and unkind to one another. All man thinks about is what he can gain out of a relationship. Preachers today are teaching people to be greedy. They say now that you give a little to God and He will give you a large amount back. Now most people do not give because they love, they give because they are greedy. They will make heaven, but they will never make the rapture.

Jesus told his disciples that they would be hated of all men. That does not sound like any of the preachers that I hear on the television shows today.

I went to Whittier, California to some friends of my wife and there I made a call back to my family in Tulsa to let them know where I was, for I had not called them from the time that I had put them on a train in Iowa. They asked me to stay the night with them, and the next day I went to the Douglas plant in Elsigunda, California. I then went to Venus to some friends who paid for me a little two-room apartment to live in until I had money to send for my family.

Aircraft plants were not hiring because the war was over and they were laying off most of the labor. In less than a week, I got a notice to report for work. Everyone that was praying for me from the little church of Venus saw it as a miracle. I sent for my family and we had to move to a little two-room apartment above some of our friends that went to the church in Venus.

I was preaching and doing personal work after I would work at Douglas. My wife was a sewing machine operator, so she went to work in Santa Monica at a factory. The people downstairs would keep our little boy, David, until his sister got out of school, then she would take care of him until his mother or I would come home.

One evening after sundown, David had a fever, and after about an hour, he went into convulsions. We put cold towels on his head and hot towels on his body and began to pray. I had not studied demonology and did not know until several weeks later that it was an attack of the demons. He became well almost instantly. I did not know at that time that Venus, California was one of the strongholds of the demons in America. Today you can go to Venus and see the same sights that you see in a mental hospital in the nation.

After a few months, the contract was finished and I was laid off my job, but my wife was making more than the average person, because she worked piece work and because she was so fast, she made much more than the average worker. I got a job in Culver City at the Western Holly Stove Company, operating a punch press. The job did not pay much, but it was better than staying home.

By this time I had preached in the Venus church and preached in Arvin, California, besides the many personal contacts that I made as a witness. After a few months, production on the stoves was finished and I did not want my wife making a living, so we again moved to Tulsa for a month.

We received a letter from the deacon at Jay, Oklahoma, asking me to come hold a week's meeting at the Assembly of God church in Jay. When I was thirty years old, the Lord told me why I am in the world. I have kept it a secret, and if God had not given me his reason, I could not and would not do the things that I do. I am predestinated and because of this, I refuse to worry about anything, anyplace or anytime. If the whole world goes to hell, I will stand on God's promise to me, and I refuse to kneel down to any denomination or any man-made laws to govern the so-called church.

After a long bus ride, we came to the little town of Jay. We went to the deacon's home that was built on the side of a hill. When you walked in the back door, you were on ground level, and as you walked through the house, you did not know that when you came to the front room, you were twenty feet above the ground. Under the front room was a large underground spring of pure water. Next to the large house was a little log cabin that the man's son lived in with his family.

His son's two children, I noticed, were very thin, and their stomachs were large; and because I had not seen anyone starving to death, I did not know anything was wrong until the next morning, after a night sleeping cold, because the wood-burning stove did not keep the cabin very warm.

The man's wife cooked breakfast, and all we had to eat was bran muffins and coffee. I noticed that the children were given coffee, which I did not know why. We started to eat and the muffins were very good, and I made the mistake of asking what kind of flour she used. Her face became red and I realized that I had said the wrong thing. Her husband told us that it was cow brain, because they did not have money to buy bread, and the cow was dry and did not give milk. I asked where the nearest farm house was and they pointed to a house a half mile away. I walked to the house and told them that I wanted to buy three dozen eggs. The little boys ate out of pie pans. They ate six eggs apiece and were wanting more, but their mother thought they would make themselves sick. I had been hungry several times, but was never starved.

I preached for two weeks and had a good crowd of people. I decided to stay and build a house for my family. I got lumber from the sawmill in Jay. It was green lumber, but I got it for half the cost of lumber at a lumberyard. I put in the foundation and finished putting up the frame, when all of a sudden a sum of money that was coming through the mail was cut off. I could find no work in the little town, so we had to sell the house and take the money and leave. I learned many years later why.

Before we left, the woman asked if she could keep David and her two little boys while we went fishing. We finally agreed and went fishing and had a very good time. When we got back to the house, David ran up and said, "Look, mother, I have a haircut." And I thought for a minute that my wife was going to faint. The woman had taken a bowl and put it over their head and run the hair clippers up to the edge of the bowl. My wife began to cry, for she made all of his clothes and he was very much of a gentleman at all times. He was not an average child. After my wife settled down, I had to go outside and laugh, for he looked funny.

We heard a few months later that the family that had the starving children were prospering with their sawmill, and the crops that were destroyed by worms had been replaced with a new crop that was going to provide food for the next winter, and the cow was giving milk. People were very kind to us in Jay, and we were never sorry that we had spent the time with these very poor, but wonderful people.

I had a friend that worked at the Tulsa City Lines Bus Company in Tulsa, and he got an application forme to work for the bus company. After ten days of very difficult training, I was a bus driver. I did not know how God could use any one on a bus line, but being predestinated, I knew that God would find a way.

Brother A. D. Marney was a pastor on the north side of Tulsa, and he had almost quit the preaching job because nothing was happening in the church to hold the interest of the congregation. He met a black man named Alaman, and Marney asked him to go with him to the hospital to pray for a woman that the doctors had given up to die because her stomach was shrinking. Brother Alaman went with Brother Marney and the woman was instantly healed. Brother Marney asked how he had the faith, and he said by fasting and praying for days at a time. Marney was a very strong Irishman, and when he made up his mind to do anything, it was done. He fasted for five days, and the next Sunday, they did not have any singing in the service. He got up and preached for two hours, and when he finished, the whole church was around the altars, praying and repenting for sins. Christians from other churches started coming to hear and see the move of God.

I was in a position where I was able to talk to hundreds of Christians, and when they would talk to me to ask if I was a Christian, I would invite them to the church. Many of them came, and some came regularly after the first visit.

One day while we were counting our change after our morning run, he asked me to pray for him and did not say why. A week later, he came up to me and said, "I found what I was looking for." And by the shine on his face, I knew that he had met God. He told me that after supper Sunday evening, he went up to the hayloft to pray, and after about an hour of praying, he felt peace come over him, and he said that all heaven came down. I did not know

that the assistant superintendent was a Catholic; and if I had, I would think that he would like one of his people to meet God. Later I found that I was wrong.

This man was Lester Smith, and lived in the little town of Dawson, a little town north of Tulsa. Lester started playing his violin at a small Assembly of God church in Dawson, and this was to me a miracle.

I got real brave and asked Bud Holt, a young man that was not only a bus driver but a real good artist that would draw pictures of nude women. He had been in jail twenty-one times, and every cell that he occupied, he left a picture on the wall of the jail cell. He was six feet and three inches tall and weighed two hundred pounds. I asked him if he would go with me to the convention center to hear an evangelist. He said that all preachers wanted was money, young women, and a Cadillac. All the men began to laugh, and I said, "Bud, you will come to the end of your rope," and walked out the door.

About a week later I could not sleep, and having permission to go in the back door of a church anytime to pray, it was 2 A. M. and the church was very dark inside. After I went in to the church, a heavy burden filled my soul and I began to weep. Bud Holt came to my mind and I began to pray and groan in the Spirit. After an hour or more, God said, "Son, he is saved." The next morning, Bud Holt acted the same as before. I said nothing to him and he never spoke a word to me. Another week went by, and one morning at 4:30 A. M. as I put my foot on the first step of a bus, I felt a large hand grip my left shoulder. When I turned around, it was Bud Holt with a big smile on his face. And he said, "Little preacher, it happened." I said I knew that it would.

He told me that the night before he went out with the men and got very drunk. When he got home, his wife began to question him and he went into the bedroom and got a pistol and put it to her head. He said that a voice rang in his ears saying over and over, "Bud, you will come to the end of your rope." He said that he dropped the pistol and ran to the corner and woke up a Baptist preacher. The preacher thought that Bud was too drunk to know what he was doing, but he prayed for him on the porch, and Bud went away with a new life. His wife and he began going to church, and Bud became a member of a men's quartet and sang in the churches of Tulsa, Sulphur, and other little towns around Tulsa.

I was called into the office one morning, and for no reason, the assistant superintendent fired me. I did not know that one of the worst crimes in the Catholic church was to get a violinist from their band converted. After all the truth came out, they sent the assistant superintendent out of the state and offered my job back to me.

By this time, I had an offer to pastor a little church in Alsuma, Oklahoma, a small community southeast of Tulsa. The pastor had built a wood frame church, and he could not stay and pastor this church, because he was a carpenter and he had no way to support his family. I took the church with twenty members and got a job at Spartan Aircraft Company, north of Tulsa, and went to work rebuilding a DC3. I worked there six months, and when we were about finished with the job, Sinclair Oil Company asked Spartan Aircraft if they could hire me. Spartan asked me if I wanted to change and make a little more money. I agreed.

I worked with the greatest engineer and best man that I had ever known. His name was Chet Loti. He was the only engineer that I had seen that knew how the job should be done. He was a man that had spent several years in a prison camp in Germany. I learned more about aircraft in two years working with him than I could have learned from five years in the best aircraft company in the nation.

After leaving Sinclair, most aircraft plants were afraid of me because I was now over-qualified and they were right, because many times I had problems with the super-vision, because they would try to let unsafe aircraft go in the air in order to save time. Sinclair was one company that safety came first. The FBI cannot have men to stop all the unsafe practices that go on in the aircraft industry. I know more about the structure of aircraft than most engineers, and the aircraft companies know that I do, but they have so much to hide, they are not listening.

I spent three years as pastor of the Alsuma church and had to work not only for my own needs, but for the needs of the poor in that community. One day I received a call from a woman that said a little boy and his little sister had come to the door and asked for food. She had a cow and raised chickens in the summertime, and she would put the wings of the chickens in a deep freeze that someone had given her and save them for the winter months. Only half of the population of the town could read or write and could only find work in the summer mowing lawns or doing construction work. In the winter months they would go to Minnie's and she would cook up a large pot of noodles seasoned with chicken wings. Minnie's house had a dirt floor, but her heart was made of gold. This time she had used up all of the chicken wings and had nothing to give the children.

My wife called the wife of the pastor on the east side of Tulsa who had been a missionary to Africa before she was married. When I arrived home the next evening, we went to Tulsa and the pastor and his wife filled the back of our car with groceries and clothes. Minnie gave us the directions to the house over the phone. We drove to the house and found a little one-room shack that was made with two-by-four lumber that was left over from houses, and the man had spliced the lumber together to make the frame for the house, and went to the store and picked up drygood boxes to use for siding. The place had no inside wall, and as we walked into the house, a little boy about six years old and his little sister grabbed a loaf of bread from the top of the sack and started stuffing it into their mouths. Then other ran over and began to shake them and beat them on the back for they were choking on the bread.

They had a dirt floor and her husband lay on an old iron bed with quilts on him that were old and patched. He had a fever and apologized for the way the children acted. He did not know that I understood, for many times I had felt the pain of hunger when I was growing up, but never quite as much as these children. While we were in Alsuma, the revival called the later rain continued to bring in the Christians around the city, and the pastor of the church became richer and richer. He was able to buy an airplane and the finest car, a new home and anything that he desired. The people in the churches in those days were much more in tune with the Spirit than they are today. They were all middle-class, working people, and the Lord just one by one told them to get out of the church, so the church that had grown to a thousand Spirit-filled

Christians today is less than a hundred and twenty-five that it started within nineteen forty-eight.

The average Christian today is very stupid because the preachers taking the money from the poor and spending it like it was falling out of the skies. They will in no way make the rapture of the church, and many of them because they are deceived now will be deceived and take the mark of the beast that will take place between now and nineteen ninety-four. I made my choice to not get rich by selling the healing ministry for money. I have never charged money for prayer for anyone and never will.

Because preachers today are getting wealthy from preaching, the American people, when they see what is happening, will harden their hearts to all ministries, then they will be ready for the Spirit of the antichrist. James, fifth chapter and first verse, "Come now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you," Many of these faith preachers that are taking and not giving to the poor are going to be shocked when the trumpet sounds and they cannot hear because they had their mind on how much money they were going to fleece the sheep out of in their next campaign.

The great laodicean church is on the move and the demons are laughing for they know that if they supply the money, they can keep that person from making the rapture in the church. Pastor, just keep on preaching the prosperity message and you please the devil, for he knows that as long as they have their mind on things, he has them for the tribulation, and he knows that some of them will take the mark of the beast. These people that are learning this message are by far the most selfish people in the world. They are harder to reach than the drunk or the prostitute on the streets, for they, in giving their little ten percent, think that they are doing God some great service. God has to begin shaking and weeding out these false teachers before the rapture so that the true saints of God can know the truth. The false teachers are going to stand out like a sore thumb before the rapture. Many shall be deceived and go by the way, but a few are going to know them that teach that gain is Godliness. We had finished our work at the Sinclair Oil Company and I was again working for the Douglas Company in Tulsa. I went to Sand Springs, Oklahoma to get a license with the Assembly of God church. I thought that as long as I was a pastor for them that I should have a license with them to preach.

They told me that the church still had a lumber bill to pay of two hundred dollars for the roofing on the church. I had the church for three years and had not heard of the bill that was supposed to be due. I asked the women of the church if they knew about the debt on the roof, and they said that they did not know because they had sold donuts and pies the next town over on Saturdays to raise money to pay off the balance for the roof. When I learned what type of men were leading the Assembly of God church, I never went back to get a license. I had seen several miracles of healing while I was there and the last month that I was there, I preached six funerals. I feel sorry for the poor people for they are cheated and lied to, not only by the business world, but also from the church. I finally decided to just work for God and not to get involved with the church structure, for the preachers are very jealous of one another. I have been stabbed behind the back by preachers more than any of my workers on any job that I have had. Many preachers will make false prophecies to people that have money in order to get money. I was asked to preach in the town of

Glenpool, Oklahoma, and by this time my little daughter had gotten married to a young man that worked with me at the Douglas Aircraft plant. We were voted in as pastor of the Grace Church of Glenpool, a congregation of more than twenty members. The building would not hold more than eighty people and had no sunday school rooms for the children. We had to live in a two-room house that had an outside back house. This was better than Jay, Oklahoma, because my daughter was married and David was only seven years old. Young men and women came to receive Christ every week and finally we had eighty in the congregation.

We had a very good deacon named Bob Thomas that was also the superintendent of the sunday school. He and the men built on three sunday school rooms and after three months, I wanted again to travel. This time I wanted to get as far from the preaching business as I could, so I packed and left Glenpool, Oklahoma and started to Kermit, a small town in West Texas.

By the help of a brother-in-law, I found a job in Rankin, Texas, another small town of about five hundred people. I worked at the Texas Natural Gas Company as a gas loader and blender, but they had a policy that all employees had to work in the yard as common labor for sixty days. I dug up old pipelines and replaced them with new ones. The soil, instead of being like other soil, was called cleecchy and we had to use a pick to loosen the dirt before we could use a shovel. I did not say anything about God or church, because I did not want anyone to know that I was a minister. At lunch, one of the men, a Church of Christ man and a Baptist, were arguing about the Bible, and one of them asked me what I thought, and before I had time to think, I quoted a scripture. All of the men at one time said, "Ha, ha, we knew that you were an FBI man or a preacher." To this day, I do not know why an FBI man would be associated with a preacher. I finished my trial time and learned how to test butane, propane and gasoline. This job lasted for a year. Then I met a man in town that asked if I would go into the next town and preach for his church on the next Sunday night. I accepted the invitation and the minister, when we arrived, was very kind to us. It was an Assembly of God church that had only sixty in the congregation. After ministering for thirty minutes, I asked if anyone wanted prayer. A woman came to the front of the church for prayer and I prayed for her, and she said that she was healed and I did not question her about how she felt, but just took her word for the deliverance. The next day the man called that invited me to speak and told me that the woman was from the Church of Christ and did not believe in healing, but came to the church for prayer just to please her husband. She had been in a car wreck and had injured her back and was scheduled to go into the hospital for surgery. She went back to the doctors and they took another x-ray and told her that her back was completely healed.

Needless to say, when anyone on the job finds out that you are a preacher, they want to convert you or destroy you. I had been on this job a year, and one night I received a call from the loader of the tank cars to send up five hundred gallons of butane mix. I turned on the plug valve to open up the line and propane mix hit me in the face. If I had not closed my eyes very fast, I would be blind, or if I had the temples of my head facing the gas, the gas would have frozen the blood in my head and I would be dead.

The foreman rushed me to the hospital in Rankin, and because the foreman had put grease on my face, the doctor went into a rage telling him that he had

done the worst thing that he could have done. The doctor at first put a bandage over my face and eyes to relieve the burning, and after about ten minutes, he examined my eyes and began to show a great expression of relief, because he thought that with all the gas that had hit my face, I would be blind. Because the office of Texas Natural Gasoline was located in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the company sent me up there to get a physical examination. I went to their doctor and had x-rays, and was found to be in good health.

While we were in Tulsa, we had an invitation to go to Independence, Kansas to pastor another church that was a new church. The pastor worked for American Airlines and drove from Tulsa to Independence every Sunday to pastor the small congregation. I took the church and the attendance grew from thirty to sixty and held that number all summer, but when winter arrived, because of bad weather, the attendance fell to around forty.

I wanted to build three Sunday school rooms, but because the church was owned by a fellowship in Tulsa, the congregation would not consider building. After a year, I knew that the church could not grow anymore. I took my family back to west Texas.

Sam Yandian was the pastor before me and had a son the same age as my son. Today Sam has retired and his son is a pastor of a church in Tulsa, Oklahoma with a congregation of over four thousand people. God rewarded Sam for all his thousands of miles and dedication to the little church in Independence, Kansas. My daughter and her husband came to Independence to live, and they did not have much to start life on, so we left them the house that we had rented with all our furniture and most of our dishes and took our son and started again to the great state of Texas.

I arrived in White Settlement, Texas with less than a hundred dollars, and if I had not gotten a job at the General Dynamics Aircraft Company in White Settlement, I would have been broke within a week.

I was hired into the Instrumentation Department. I was to learn even more than I believed existed about aircraft, for this was a phase that went into every working part of an aircraft. I enjoyed my work for three years. All of a sudden the company put a supervisor over me that had a degree in college, but knew absolutely nothing about aircraft. My other foreman knew more than I, and I really liked to work for him because I was continually learning. But this educated foreman, with no experience and could not read a micrometer, was trying to tell me the wrong way. It made him angry when the superintendent would tell him to leave me alone and that I knew what I was doing. The foreman could not read a blueprint, could not run a lathe, could not operate a milling machine or power brake and could not silver solder. How he ever got the job in an aircraft plant, I do not know.

Finally one night I went to work and could not find my toolbox, and he told me to go to work. I told him that I could not go to work without tools, and he said you are fired, go pick up your check. A lodge brother told me that the foreman had my toolbox taken by a forklift down by the lake. I went and found it and went back and quit my job and thought that I would never again work in another aircraft plant. If the Air Force knew how many jobs are taken by unqualified men because of politics, they would refuse to fly in any plane.

During the time that I worked at General Dynamics, I was asked to preach for Fundamental Baptist Church in Crowley, Texas. After preaching, some of the congregation asked me home for coffee and cake. They told me that they heard about the Holy Spirit and asked me to teach them how to receive it. We went out to their home every night to teach them, and some of them received the Spirit, and finally we started a church in an old abandoned three-room house.

We started having as many as thirty people and several were healed, and all the children were filled with the Holy Spirit. Brother Shibley and Brother Bogler from Tulsa, Oklahoma came down and preached and taught the people three or more hours at each meeting. The Assembly of God sent a man out to the meetings, and I knew what he was up to, for being raised in the Assembly of God, I know how they operate to get a church. I treated him very good and asked him to preach, and he accepted with pleasure.

I was very tired of driving twenty miles round trip to Crowley every night, but I acted like I did not know his game. Within a week he went by all the members' houses and asked them if they would come to the Assembly of God church if the church would buy the old Methodist church building. The people said they would let him know. He did not know that they would ask me. When they asked me, I said that I thought it was a wonderful idea.

That is the life of an apostle. There is never any glory, just hard work. And a person has to be predestinated for the job. I have heard several ministers claim to be an apostle, but I have not seen one that had the proof. For an apostle is never accepted into the church society. In fact the only time we are ever called is when someone is very sick or has financial or family problems. After the strain of my job and the church, I went to Tulsa for a two week vacation.

This is the last twenty years of my life. I am now seeing more false apostles than ever before. They are teaching now that anything that you want is "blab it and grab it." I know that this false doctrine is going to go down the drain like the latter rain doctrine because preachers, just as before, are using the Holy Spirit to get rich quick. They have no fear of God, for they say that they are equal to God. I have prayed for hundreds of people to be healed and have not kept a record of any kind, and today I do not remember their names, except for a very few who I see as part of a congregation. Over ninety percent of the people that I have prayed for has ever given me over one dollar. Most Christians in the United States are very selfish and greedy because the preachers teach the people to be greedy, for they are greedy.

Many pastors of all denominations are living in homes costing over sixty thousand dollars, while the average member lives in an apartment or a shack on the wrong side of the tracks. If these men go to heaven, then God will have to apologize to Peter, Paul, James and John. Romans, the eighth chapter, seventeenth verse, "And if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, if it be so that we suffer with Him that we may be also glorified together." In my youth I would have to work ten hours a day and go to church after paying tithes and listening to a preacher tell me that if I was in the will of God, I would be rich. One of these so-called apostles told me it was a sin to drive a car that was dirty. I believe in the latter rain gospel, but just like it was in nineteen forty-seven, God pulled out His power and let some of the leaders

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die, because they got rich on the Spirit of God. I have sat and heard a man get up and claim that if a person would come to the front and be prayed for, that God would heal them, but the person was not healed. This is false prophecy. I have chosen to have my rewards, if any, given in the life after death, and I have refused to ask for anything from anyone and have never asked for an offering for myself. In fact, some people I would not receive money from, because their money is polluted. I have never seen the righteous forsaken or His see begging bread. There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the way thereof is death. God told me to go into the Catholic church and pray for them and not to teach or preach. Every Tuesday for five years I would go to the service, and after service, I would pray for the Catholic people from all over Tarrant County. They would come from all the Catholic churches in and around Fort Worth. One Catholic woman even brought her dog for me to pray for. From family problems, financial and physical, many times the Lord met the needs of the precious Catholic saints.

I never joined the Catholic church or became a member, but I love them as I do all of my protestant friends. I am now sixty-eight years old and waiting for my next assignment. I will always love the Catholic people. I now feel that the coming of the Lord is so near that we should spend much more time on the streets with tracks and with our testimony to those that have never before heard about the love and compassion of Jesus Christ. If I had my life to live over, I would still rather be a slave for Christ and receive my rewards later than to have a million dollars and all the fame that men bestow on one another. When I see television and the way people act that are supposed to know God, it grieves my heart, because I know they are getting all their rewards now and will have to go through the great tribulation. I believe that eighty percent of the American Christians will in no way make up the bride of Christ, because they are taught by the ministers of this age to be materialistic. In other words, God, I'll take my reward here and get all I can to get rich. They will not be lost. They just go into the tribulation and are found in the seventh chapter of Revelations and the fourteenth verse, "And I said unto Him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they who came out of (the great) tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them with in the blood of the lamb. "